HONESTY REWARDED.

How a Just Man Obtained Three Pounds of Good Coffee.

Colonel Himlin's fidelity to small political affairs and whisky casts a blur upon his financial standing. For some time he has been annoyed by a grocer named Collins. There is no sympathy between the Colonel and trades-people, and Mr. Collins' persistent collector—or, perhaps, representative would in this instance be a more befitting term—was not, on every occasion, treated with politeness by this man of moneyless pride.

The other day the Colonel stepped into Collins' store and, with a polite though self-important air, said:

"Mr. Collins, you have a bill against me for ten dollars.

"Yes, sir."

"I have owed it for some time?"

"I know that, sir."

"Now," said the Colonel, "to prove that I have had no intention of beating you, and, moreover, to show how exact is my idea of justice, I propose to pay the debt with interest."

"I don't ask any interest, Colonel."

"But you must accept it, sir."

"You are undoubtedly a just man," said the grocer, "and I now regret that I ever felt hard toward you."

"Your feelings were perfectly natural. Give me a piece of paper, please."

The grocer handed him a piece of paper, and the Colonel, taking out a pencil, began to make figures. At length he said: "The original debt and the interest now amounted to nineteen dollars and a few odd cents."

"Colonel, you are a gentleman!" exclaimed the delighted grocer.

"I hope so," the Colonel responded. "Now, sir, to make the amount just even twenty dollars let me have about three pounds of coffee."

"Yes, sir, with pleasure. Bill (addressing a clerk), wrap up three pounds of our best coffee for the Colonel. How is business with you (again turning to the Colonel)?"

"My affairs are somewhat better than they were sometime ago," the Colonel replied. "The political profession, I think, is becoming more remunerative."

"Here's your coffee, sir (shoving a bundle toward the Colonel)."

"I thank you, sir. Well, good morning."

"Good morning, Colonel. Call again."

After the Colonel had gone out Mr. Collins said: "Bill, we have misjudged that man. The fact of his willingness to pay interest shows that he is strictly honest."

"Yes," Bill replied, "but he didn't pay you. Kept on talking about interest and didn't even pay the original debt, but he got three pounds of coffee, all the same."

The grocer stood with his elbows resting on the counter. He did not speak for some time. After awhile he said:

"Bill, if any body comes in and asks for me, say that I am very busy."

"May I ask where you are going?"

"Yes. I am going in the other room to butt my head against the wall. I may get through by dinner time, but in case I'm not, don't disturb me."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

CHICAGO FASHIONS.

Summer Costumes for the Economical and Extravagant.

For every-day wear may be seen little fine-checked ginghams, and a material called Oxford shirting, which are made in almost as severe a style as the tailor-made cloth garments. It is even predicted that they will take the place of the latter for traveling costumes. It can be easily seen that these materials will make a very good substitute for cloth, which has always been considered the proper thing for that purpose, as the dirt can be so readily removed, and the effect is really about the same. These come in all the shades of tan barred off with white, red or blue, and there are some claret colors with lines of blue and white which are very attractive looking. The challies brought out this season are superior in quality and color to any seen before, and some of them are not more than twenty-five cents a yard, and are to be found in dark blue and medium shades of browns, both serviceable colors for ordinary use. These are usually made quite simply and have for a finish velvet collars and cuffs or sometimes the addition of a little velvet in the skirt or a waist girdle. There are, of course, better qualities of challies which are very soft and durable, and besides these there have been some old-fashioned materials revived for summer dresses, such as Bengaline and brilliantine. The former is a light-weight Irish poplin, and the latter is simply a very fine quality of delaine. The Bengalines come both in plain and flowered and are frequently used for combination costumes, with a petticoat of the flowered and the plain above. These trim themselves and require very little else, but gowns made of the plain color have to be more elaborately made. One of the newest things is to dye lace exactly the same shade as the goods and insert it in lengthwise bands on both skirt and waist. Ribbon is also used in quantities on dresses of this kind, but only as a flat trimming and not in bows or loops. Sometimes there are from three to five rows of ribbon used on the bottom of a skirt, put on plain and afterward plaited in with the goods, and this same is used on the drapery. The waist may have a yoke formed entirely of ribbon, or it may start from the waist line in front over the shoulders to the same in the back. These ribbons are nearly all fancy ones, either with light or dark colors in stripes, flowered, or worked in gold thread. These last are very pretty, but are rather gay and only suitable for home toilets.

There is evidently to be a total change in black costumes for this summer. Worth, the dictator of the feminine world, has announced that lace gowns, both of French or Chantilly, are decidedly passe, and that he will no longer make them up. Of course this will undoubtedly settle their fate, and other materials will have to be substituted in their place. Brussels net makes very pretty costumes, and it is said that the time-honored iron-frame grenadines are once more coming back into favor, and will be par excelence the dress for luncheons, teas, and receptions. Of course they are to be elaborately trimmed either with watered ribbon or jet, and some seen lately have had velvet used on both skirt and waist.—*Chicago News.*

ANIMALS IN SUMMER.

Timely Suggestions Presented by the American Humane Association.

Provide water—fresh, pure water. Think, reader, how you are refreshed by a drink of cool water on a hot day. The lower animals are equally in need of the means of quenching thirst.

The active dog requires drink frequently during the hot day, as does also the cat, and a dish of fresh water should stand where they can have access to it. Undoubtedly many a dog is driven to madness through lack of water, and the testimony is that hydrophobia is almost unknown in those localities where dogs can drink when they wish.

Every city, village and country town should be liberally supplied with drinking fountains for animals, and they should be so constructed that even the smallest dogs can drink from them. No gift to a people confers a greater pleasure than a fountain, and that person who turns aside a stream from the field and gives a watering trough to the roadside, or provides a fountain at which man and beast can drink pure water, is truly a public benefactor.

Give the horse frequent opportunity to quench thirst at times when not too much overheated and before eating. To drink freely immediately after eating prevents a favorable digestion of food.

Provide shade. How instinctively we seek the shadow when the sun is pouring its hot rays on the dry and parching earth. If the pasture is not provided with shade trees in a convenient locality, set four, six or eight supports, across which place straw or grass, and thus, in a brief time, and with little labor, make a shade in which animals can rest from the heat of the sun, to the great comfort of themselves and benefit of their owners.

Remove the harness from the horses on the hot day whenever you desire to give them a full, free rest, and once during the day, preferably at night, a thorough currying and grooming will not only give rest, but will do about as much toward improving the animal's condition as will the oats.

Examine the harness on your working team and you will discover that blinds, check-reins and cruppers are simply torturing contrivances, serving no useful purpose. Take them all off for the convenience of yourselves and the comfort of the horses. Keep the stable well ventilated and free from the strong ammonia, which is injurious to the eyes. Assist the animals to protect themselves against flies, feed regularly, hitch in the shade, and remember that the care which will give comfort to the lower animals will make them doubly profitable to their owners, aside from the humane bearing upon the subject.

PUTTING ON STYLE.

How Many Young People Jeopardize Their Chances in Life.

In many people, and in the working classes in general, there is a serious failing to live beyond their means. And the consequences are that many find themselves spending all they earn, and trying hard to dress as well as their neighbor who may be in better circumstances.

But the chances are that the one whom you take as a model is trying just as hard to overtake the one who is better dressed than himself. Some take a sensible view, and as long as they are neatly dressed are satisfied, and consequently get along all right, without any trouble, and enjoy themselves. Others make the attempt to dress and fail.

It is only after a dismal failure that he realizes his folly, for it certainly is folly, to attempt to live and dress beyond the ability to pay.

You not only spend more than you ought, but you lose your self-respect, as well as that of your neighbors and employer, and with the certainty of defeat in the end, for the end is only a question of time.

And where is the gain? Your friends know you can not afford it, and strangers do not care. You may make a favorable impression at first, where you are not known, but the fact will soon leak out, and you will have lost more than you might have gained.

A few may treat you rather more respectfully because you are better dressed, but they are the ones that will benefit you the least. The majority of people guage you by what you are rather than by what you wear.

You can be clean and neat, polite and kind, and so earn the respect of those you work for and whom you come in contact with a great deal better than by overdressing yourself, and putting on more style than your wages will admit.—*Boston Budget.*

Effects of Gypsum.

Gypsum is an entirely neutral salt, being a sulphate of lime, and has no chemical action of itself. It is, however, decomposed by any alkali, which has a stronger affinity for its sulphuric acid than lime has; hence, when subjected to the action of ammonia, which is an alkaline substance, the sulphuric acid in it separates from the lime and forms sulphate of ammonia, while the lime combines with carbonic acid everywhere present, and forms a carbonate of lime. This action explains why gypsum has such an excelent effect in stables, taking up the ammonia, purifying the air, and saving that valuable substance. This action also takes place in the manure heaps to which gypsum is added, and in the soil as well, where ammonia is evolved from decaying organic matter. Gypsum also exerts a favorable effect upon almost all crops, of which it forms a part of the mineral matter or ash. Hence it is a most useful substance for the farmer, and may be used freely and profitably in all the ways indicated.—*N. Y. Times.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Count von Moltke wears a yellow wig.

—The Nova Scotia gold mines yielded about $500,000 last year.

—Buenos Ayres, in the Argentine Republic, is now the largest city in South America, the census of 1887 giving it a population of 484,000.

—There are thirty-seven tunnels of more than 1,000 yards in England, the longest being that of the Severn—7,664 yards.

—It is stated that the number of youths of noble rank in Italy, studying for the Roman priesthood, is smaller to-day than ever before within the memory of man.

—Tea-drinking is rapidly increasing in France, especially in the wine-growing district. It is recommended as not only the best digestive, but as the surest means of sustaining intellectual energy.

—Alpine guides are in demand in the Himalayas, in the Caucasus, and among the New Zealand Alps; and a British mountaineer recently asserted that our own Mount St. Elias would never be ascended without the aid of a few professional Swiss climbers.

—Electric lights have been put in the Paris morgue, with an idea of increasing the effect produced upon murderers upon being confronted with their victims. Under the effect of the light the "confrontations" are expected to be much more effective.

—M. Bapst, a Paris jeweler, in a recent lecture alleged that the sacredly-guarded scepter of Charlemagne is nothing more than a musician's baton, and that underneath the red velvet surrounding the handle are engraved the words: "This baton is my property ——, singer in Notre Dame, 1280."

—The Czar of Russia is said to do much more work than any of his ministers, and can be found at his desk at almost any hour of the day. He rises before any of his household, attends mass every morning, and is scrupulously exact in the performance of all his religious duties.

—Schneckenburger, the author of "Die Wacht am Rhein," is to have a monument at Tuttlingen, Germany, expressing the sentiment of his song. A fund of $7,500 has been raised for the purpose, and the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar is president of the monumental committee. German-Americans have contributed liberally to the fund.

—A most admirable charity is that of the Salvation Army in London, which has opened a restaurant, where a meal may be bought for a farthing. The small coin pays for a bowl of soup or a half loaf of bread, and two farthings secures a cup of coffee or cocoa and a slice of bread and jam. Thus for about two cents a wholesome meal can be bought. Threepence brings meat and potatoes and a halfpenny a dish of rice.

JAPANESE HAND-STOVES.

A Device That Ought to Be Adopted in This Country.

A great institution that one learns to appreciate now is the kairo, or Japanese hand-stove, a little tin or copper box covered with gay-patterned cotton cloth, and about the size of an ordinary purse. It is an innocent-looking thing, but glows with a steady heat that does not waver, and stops just short of burning or scorching. The hidden fire is supplied by means of a stick of fine charcoal incased in paper, that when lighted at one end burns with a steady glow for four or five hours, leaving behind a soft white ash. It is said that this pulverized charcoal is made from bamboo and persimmon leaves, but if so it is probable that they are charred more for economy's sake than for any special qualities they possess. The kairo is centuries old in Japan, but a great improvement upon rubber bags and hot-water bottles of Western people. With a kairo in the pocket or in the hand one can brave the coldest ride, and for ailments there is nothing like it. Foreign physicians use the kairo with all hot applications, keeping poultices steaming for hours at a time, binding kairos on the head and neck of neuralgic patients, and on the chests of those afflicted with colds.

In traveling the kairo is the comfort of life, a match being all that is required to start the tropical glow for one's fingers; and when wrapped up in a rug with kairos properly distributed about, one can remain on deck in the coldest weather. When the deathly agony and misery of seasickness assails one, the kairo is better than all the bromides and powders compounded, the little firebox remaining at its post when nothing else can be kept on the stomach. In damp and mildewy seasons and places the shrewd housewives scatter kairos in the beds, the trunks and the linen closets, as with one stick of carbon the little stove keeps up its gentle heat for more than four hours, and by putting in two pieces it burns for six and eight hours. The little box of perforated tin or copper, with its calico covering and sliding top, costs from three cents to ten cents, and the carbons, that come in a paper like firecrackers, are only one cent for ten. The Japanese carry a kairo in their long sleeves, where they can hold it in their hands or slip it in their broad girdles, where the warmth will spread and generally cheer them the most. Why the exporters have never taken up the kairo with enthusiasm is a mystery. Next after tea the kairo is the greatest blessing Japan can give to the world.—*Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

ARTISTIC CONTORTIONS.

How Little Boys and Girls Are Trained for the Profession.

The other day I called on a bender, a lady, not a gentleman, who is well known as a most serpentine contortionist. I wished to ask Mlle. Vonare a few questions about her art, with a view of throwing some light on the training of little boys and girls for the profession. The lady was sitting before the fire with her sister, who has abandoned bending herself, and exhibits a troupe of highly-educated poodles. A huge wicker basket contained her dress and other stage habits. From its depths she produced a bundle of photographs of herself, tied and knitted into all manner of curious folds.

That is the business of a bender. The body is thrown into a score of unnatural postures, which appear to the audience to be achieved by dislocating every joint in the human frame, and to be effected at great risk to limb and life. Artists are generally enthusiastic about their callings, and I must say that Miss Vonare declared she would rather be a bender than a queen, or something to that effect. She began at four years; at five years and eight months she was before the public, and remains a bender still. "My father saw a contortionist one night on the stage, and he asked himself why he should not teach me, aged four. I was put into training at once, and enjoyed the fun, as a child will enjoy any thing new. Was I beaten? Was I starved? No. I seemed to take to it like a little duck takes to water. You see, we were a family of athletes, and, besides, I was a daughter and not an apprentice. If the father is the trainer he may not spare the rod, but he is cruel only to be kind. My experience is that less rod and more kindness is the best plan. Father used to bribe us into doing the difficult tricks. To be successful means years of hard work, practice and performance. I am nineteen now, and my performance keeps me in capital training."

In the business of contortion the first lesson is the backward bend, first with the arms, and then without. You stand on a long mattress, so that there is no danger, and at first your teacher controls your movements with a belt. It is much the same with other forms of acrobatic work, and the cruelty often takes the form of taking away the mattress, which creates a sort of panic in the pupil's mind. If he has really tried his best and failed, he is so terrified that he is almost certain to fall unless he has a great deal of pluck. If he has only been sulking, it may bring him to his bearings. Of course children are often stubborn, and try the patience of the teacher to its utmost limit.

"The art of contortion," continued Miss Vonare, "is learned by degrees. First the backward bend, then the 'dislocation,' then the 'splits,' and so on. What we call 'closeness' distinguishes the best bending. To the audience bending seems most difficult; but I experience no discomfort or inconvenience. I was a puny child. You see me now." The lady bender was certainly most healthful and cheerful, stout in body and ruddy in complexion, and she strongly maintains that all women would be greatly benefitted if they took to bending. "It is quite a mistake to think that we put our limbs out of joint, or that we suffer from the curious nature of our performance. Of course, after one or more difficult positions, one may suffer a little pain, but it goes in no time. In some attitudes I may remain for twenty seconds, as the breathing becomes difficult; but these are trifling inconveniences. I practice a few minutes every day to keep myself loose, here in my room, and that is about all I need do."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE LATE EMPEROR.

Anecdotes of Kaiser Wilhelm Suitable for the Scrap-Book.

Many stories about his courage are current. The most characteristic, perhaps, is one relative to the battle of Sadowa. The King, followed by Bismarck, was posted in a very dangerous spot. The Chancelor prayed His Majesty to withdraw. The King replied: "When my army advances to the cannon's mouth it is my duty to be in the midst of it." Bismarck remained silent, but when he found the position unbearable he exclaimed: "As a Major, I have no advice to give your Majesty on the field of battle, but as your Prime Minister I am bound to beg your Majesty not to expose his life in such a manner." The King listened to this remonstrance, and reluctantly drew back a little, but Bismarck, not considering the retreat sufficiently rapid, gave a kick to His Majesty's horse, which galloped off. The Kaiser was very ill in the spring of 1885, and the doctors prohibited his attending the military maneuvers on horseback. His Majesty refused to go in a carriage, adding: "Such a thing would be most anti-military." To which a General present rejoined: "Sire, you forget that Frederick the Great went in a carriage on a similar occasion." "Yes," replied His Majesty, "but he only did so during the last years of his life." The Kaiser was then eighty-nine, and evidently considered himself a young man. Another military anecdote: The Emperor had just received the visit of a celebrated General who had been placed on the retired list. "A brave soldier!" exclaimed His Majesty; "what a pity it is he can no longer mount on horseback!" And then, after a few minutes' silence, he added: "Alas! neither can I, and if I were an ordinary General, I should have been placed on the same list long ago." Every body knows that the Emperor was in the habit of showing himself to his subjects from a window of the palace during the changing of the guard. After one of his crises, he wanted to get up and go to the window as usual, but the doctors opposed, on which His Majesty exclaimed: "Oh, leave me alone! I ought to do it. Doesn't Baedeker announce in his guide that I am to be seen every day at the window?" The Emperor William during his lifetime saw disappear from the scene six popes, eighty emperors, fifty-two kings, six sultans and twenty-one presidents. Four of these are still alive, but the remaining eight-nine are dead. Kaiser Wilhelm possessed, among other virtues of the Hohenzollerns, that of economy. Without falling into the sordid avarice of Frederick the Great, he knew how to reckon, and succeeded in raising the fortunes of his house, which was at one time very small.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

—The people of Pittsburgh wear the same soot all the year round.—*Boston Post.*

PITH AND POINT.

—The wise man is the man who knows what to do when the time comes.

—People don't get famous in a hurry, and it takes a deal of work even to earn your bread and butter.

—"Will the coming man use both arms?" asks a scientist. He will if his girl knows how to drive.—*Omaha World.*

—There is a forture waiting for the man who will invent a humane method of starting a balky horse.

—Judging from effects, the kind of oil most extensively used for pouring on troubled waters is turmoil.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Money is not nearly so valuable as character, for money can not buy the respect of thoughtful men and women.

—True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others as you like to be treated yourself.—*Lord Chesterfield.*

—The louder the whine of complaint, the less need for sympathy. Intense emotions never express themselves in noise.

—Be not offended at a jest. If one throw salt at thee, thou will receive no harm unless thou hast sore places.

—It is only another illustration of the law of compensation that women advanced in views are apt to be behind in the fashions.

—It is not what a man makes but what he saves that adds to his prosperity; stop the leaks. "Wanton waste makes woeful want."

—It is as difficult for a man to get a job of work done by a delinquent debtor as it is for a needle to go through a camel's eye.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

—If you suppose that the world is constantly keeping its eyes peeled to note your troubles you will find yourself mightily mistaken.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—He who does right is frequently left alone. He who sees under the surface and discerns the true state of things, will be left alone by the undiscerning multitude.

—As the sword of the best tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.—*T. Fuller.*

—As too many cooks notoriously ruin the soup, so too many clubs wean a man from domestic life and impair his reputation of old time as a "good husband and father." The representative "fashionable club" does more injury than benefit to communities.—*Mail and Express.*

—What "I" think is a valiant proposition all the world over, and a proper one, too, for every one must push forward, to some extent, his own personality. It is only when it includes the thought that every body else must think the same way that it gets to be odious.—*United Presbyterian.*

THE APOSTLE SPOONS.

Necessary Articles That Have Been in Use Many Centuries.

Spoons have been in use for many centuries, and the earliest use was for all gentlemen and ladies to have their own which they carried with them. Two hundred years ago we find frequent advertisements of "a lost case containing a knife and fork and silver spoon." The latter was usually described as bearing the crest of the owner upon its handle, or a picture of the Blessed Virgin, showing that spoons of that day were heavily ornamented. The "Apostle spoons" were at first a dozen of these silver implements, each containing in relief the image of one of the apostles, generally with his name, and often some emblem of the worthy thus represented. St. James was attired as a pilgrim; St. Jude generally was pictured with a club, the emblem of his own martyrdom, or with a boat to show his occupation; St. Simon with a saw, because he was sawn asunder, and generally with an added oar to show his earlier tastes. The use of these as gifts from their god-parents to their god-children at the christening is over four hundred years old. When the giver was too poor to present the whole twelve, he gave one spoon with the image of the patron saint after whom the child was named, or to whom he was dedicated, or who was the patron saint of the donor, not always in such cases an apostle. The image of four Evangelists on four spoons was often thus used, the spoons being called "Apostle spoons," although not all were apostles, in the usual meaning of that word. Shakespeare, in Henry VIII., when Cramer declares himself to be unworthy of being sponsor to the young Princess, makes the King reply: "Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons," in plain allusion to the gift expected on such occasions. In addition to "Home's Every-Day Book," vol. i., page 175, we refer our correspondent to "The Table Book," page 817, for a sketch of a whole set of "Apostle spoons," with their history. The earliest notice we can find in print of this form of spoon is an entry in the book of the Stationers' company made in the year 1500. It is this item: "A spoyne of the gyfte of Master Reginold Wolfe, all gylte with the pycture of St. John," showing that such spoons were well known in that day. In "Merry Passages and Jeasts" is the anecdote of the immortal bard: "Shakespeare was god-father to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christening, being in deep study, Jonson came to cheer him up, and asked him why he was so melancholy. 'No 'faith, Ben,' says he, 'not I; but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolv'd at last.' 'I pr'ythee what,' said he. 'I 'faith, Ben, I'll give him a douzen Latten [Latin] spoons, and though shalt translate them.'"—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

On the Safe Side.

Shoe Dealer (to boy)—Where are you going, James?

James—Up to Mrs. Smith's, sir; she ordered a pair of No. 2 shoes sent.

Shoe Dealer—All right, James. You had better take along a pair of No. 3s also.—*N. Y. Sun.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

MY WONDERS.

I wonder which child left her book in the way
For Rover, good fellow, to capture in play.
He's tossed it, and twirled it, and torn out a page,
It was all done in frolic, though looking like rage.
I wonder who left it? My dear little Prue,
You don't mean to tell me! 'twas surely not you?

I wonder which child of a gay, gleeful four,
Must always be called thus: "Come back, shut the door!"
I wonder who sometimes, thus summoned, forgets
That people have nerves, which a sudden noise frets?
I wonder! What blushing, my dear little May,
Was it you did that same naughty thing, but to-day?

I wonder which child cried at bed-time last night,
And sulked with a face that quite clouded the light,
And said he thought eight o'clock came before seven,
And wished he was big, to sit up till eleven?
I wonder if such a boy feels very grand?
Why, Jack, was it you? That I can't understand.

I wonder which child made a fuss at the cold
This morning, and shivered till nurse had to scold;
Which hates nice clear water, and fidgets about,
And always get washed with a frown and a pout:
I wonder if Harry will own it is wrong,
And try to do better, and that before long.

I wonder if Aunty, who sits in her chair
And writes this all down, herself thinks it is fair
To tell of these children, when Harry and May,
Dear Jack, and sweet Prue, have assured her to-day
They will turn a leaf over, and presently show
How careful and thoughtful and good they will grow?

—*Mrs. M. E. Sangster, in Youth's Companion.*

THE TABLES TURNED.

How a Sheep Really and Truly Chased a Wolf—A Funny Sight.

Did you ever hear of a sheep chasing a wolf? No, I don't mean a wolf chasing a sheep. Of course you have heard of that; but did you ever hear of a sheep which really and truly chased a wolf?

No, it isn't an allegory, nor a fairy story, and it hasn't any special moral. The only moral is that it is true.

Well, I went one fall to stay with a friend in Canada. My friend had a farm called Swamscot, near Collingwood, a little town at the head of Lake Superior, the station whence the steamers start for their trip through the lake and to the far Northwest.

There was quite a number of wolves in that region when my friend first went there to live; but he had a number of dogs on the farm, and some of them were very fierce and strong; so, after a few years, during which the dogs and the wolves often met, the wolves found it was hardly worth their while to pay a visit to Mr. Noble—who was the owner of Swampscot Farm—because one of those dogs would undoubtedly be disagreeable enough to bark at them, and then in a moment the whole pack would come tumbling out, and the boys would run helter-skelter to see the fun, and away would go Mr. Wolf, with such a shouting and hallooing and barking at his heels that he would think the end of the world was at hand. And very often indeed it was, so far as he was concerned, and he might consider himself lucky if he could reach the safe shelter of the big woods which came down to the edge of Mr. Noble's clearing. For more than once it happened that old Jowler came sauntering back to the house with a grim look, which said just as plainly as if he could talk, "There's another of those rascals out of the way." And soon the boys would come running in, with the wolf's head to nail up on the barn-door; and that was the conclusion of his little visit to Swampscot.

So you see, it didn't pay the wolves to come and see us on ordinary occasions. Only when the little new-born lambs were out in the fields with their mothers, would a wolf now and then find an opportunity to snap up one of the babies and carry it off to his family in the forest.

Oh, you thought I was only in fun, did you, and that I meant to tell you about a wolf chasing a sheep, after all? Just wait a moment till I tell my story. So far I have written only what the story-book people call an introductory chapter.

Now, the year I was at Swampscot, it happened that Mr. Noble's little daughter Annie, a dear little girl with rosy cheeks and curly yellow locks, took a great fancy to have one of the lambs for a pet. So her father had one of the little, white, fluffy baby-lambs brought into the house, and Annie used to feed it and carry it about in her arms as if it were a little toy-animal.

However, the lamb soon grew too heavy to be carried around by so small a girl, and before summer had well begun it was trotting about everywhere after Annie, like Mary's little lamb in that poem which some of you may have heard.

All the dogs were pets of Annie's, as indeed were all the animals in the farm-yard; and at first, when she took her baby-sheep out in the yard, the dogs did not know what to make of it. They wagged their tails and barked "how-do-you-do" to Annie's new friend; but the poor little lambkin did not understand the dog-language at all, and ran frightened to Annie, and hid its little head in her dress.

It was not long, however, before the dogs and the lamb were on excellent terms. They seemed all at once to become great friends, and when the lamb was almost a full-grown sheep it often forsook even Annie for the company of its new companions, and ran about everywhere with the dogs. Mr. Noble declared that he once heard the sheep trying to bark, but I am inclined to think he was making fun of us. I can't believe the lamb went so far as that, though no doubt it admired Rover's great loud "bow-wow!" and felt that its own little "ba-a-a!" was in comparison very mild.

The farmer often wished to take the sheep and kill it, now that it was too big for Annie to play with; but Mr. Noble declared that "Bob"—for so Annie had named it when it was a tiny baby—was one of the family and that it should stay in the yard with the dogs as long as it chose.

One day I was in the snug library writing. It was the beginning of the cold weather, and a few days before there had been a heavy fall of snow—the first of the season—just the time when the wolves are often driven by hunger to attempt a raid on the farmers' poultry-yards. Suddenly I heard a great commotion outside, and Tom and Harold ran past the window, shouting: "Rover, Jowler—here, dogs! Wolf!—a wolf!"

I was putting my papers together, and thinking whether I should venture out in the cold or whether I should leave them to catch the wolf by themselves, when Mr. Noble came in, saying, "Quick, Glaucus; quick! On with your coat! There is the funniest sight outside you ever saw."

Of course I jumped up, hurried into my coat and overshoes, and rushed out into the snow, wondering what new feature there could be in the not unusual visit of a wolf to the farm, and when outside I saw the boys and dogs were running across the open clearing in full chase after two large wolves. But, certainly, there was the strangest sight I ever saw in my life! There, among the pack of dogs, ran "Bob," scampering along with the best of them, and "ba-a-a-ing" with all its might at the astonished wolves.

I don't know what the sheep had planned to do if it caught them, but Bob's actions were so threatening that we wondered whether it would have eaten a wolf for supper if it had overtaken one. Unluckily for our sport, however, the wolves managed to escape for that time, and Master Bob came home with the baffled pursuers, looking as proud as though it had succeeded in securing some wolf for supper and had enjoyed the taste.

I don't know what became of Bob afterward, but I am convinced that a sheep with ambition enough to chase a wolf may have aspired to any thing.—*St. Nicholas.*

CARE OF THE HANDS.

A Bit of Good Advice to Girls, by One Who Speaks From Observation and Experience.

Because you live in the country and do housework, and even some good, honest toil on the farm itself, is no reason why you should neglect certain little niceties of life, such as the care of your hands and teeth. You probably will not be able to keep the former white and soft as if you used them only for dainty embroidery, but a few minutes spent each day in caring for them will show at least that they are well kept, and the signs of toil that can not be eradicated you need not be ashamed of.

The nails can be kept nicely trimmed; they can not be even moderately long, but they may be shapely and pointed. Perhaps you can not afford to buy the outfit of a "manicure," but you undoubtedly have a pair of small embroidery scissors; the file you must replace as best you may with the one in your penknife, or, failing that, with a piece of course sandpaper; and the chamois polisher, costing any where from sixty cents to two dollars, you can make yourself. Take a child's block about an inch thick, and three inches wide by five long—large enough to grasp it firmly—tack a bit of soft cloth for padding, and over that a piece of the chamois you keep for polishing silver on one of the edges, and you have an article that may not be ornamental, but will answer every purpose.

Soften your hands by washing in warm water with some good toilet soap for a few minutes, then with the small scissors trim the nails, rounding them nicely, and cutting the corners very low. With some blunt instrument (if you have not a file) push back the flesh from the base of the nails, and trim away all the dead skin. Now apply your polisher and brush vigorously for a few minutes. Do this once a week, and every day spend a few minutes in the use of the polisher, and your hands will repay you in their neat appearance for the time you have spent. A solution of oxalic acid kept in a bottle with a glass stopper will remove all stains of ink or fruit, and a match or a small stick dipped in the solution and passed under the nails will remove any discoloration that does not come off with washing. There is a pink powder sold by druggists for polishing, but this may be dispensed with. If, however, you get any, be sure that you get the best and not a spurious article. You should have a pair of old kid gloves, or better still wash leather, to wear when you are weeding in the garden, or doing any housework that will admit of it.

I speak with a conviction born of sad experience, for I am a farmer's daughter myself, and never thought of caring for my hands when I was a child. When I was old enough to care it was too late, and I have found out that no amount of after care can make up for the early neglect.—*American Agriculturist.*

Flowers That Blossom at Night.

There are some flowers that never see the sun. One of the most curious is the "evening primrose." About six o'clock it suddenly bursts open, with a popping sound, and at six next morning closes.

If you watch that pretty flower, and listen, you can hear this strange performance.

This is why it does so. The little calyx holds the petals in such a way that the moment it turns back they are let loose. At once it bursts out into full flower, with this funny noise, like a pop-gun.

So the "night-blooming cereus" blossoms in the night, only for an hour, giving out its sweet fragrance, and then dies. Just think of never seeing the sun at all!

In a far Eastern country there is a kind of jasmine called the "sorrowful tree." It droops as if sick in the daytime, and at night grows fresh and bright. It opens its lovely flowers with a very pleasant odor till morning, and then wilts and looks wretched again.—*Mrs. G. Hall, in Our Little Ones.*

—Kosciusko Murphy, who is a bookkeeper in a grocery store, met a friend who clerks in a cigar-store on Austin avenue, and asked him for a cigar. "Ain't got any," said his friend. "Ain't got any," said Kosciusko. "Why, when I used to work in a cigar store, I always had my pockets stuffed with cigars." "Yes, probably that is the reason you ain't in a cigar store now," was the crushing reply.—*Texas Siftings.*